

nothing can stay inside
nights like this

women, their
hips leaning
into metal.
heavy air, a
storm maybe.

steps smell of
wet earth, beer
Summer in the
city the black
girls, their
tight asses
geraniums, stone
Shades slam
down you don't

want me because
i remind you
from the top
floor, glass
Nights like
this whatever
comes, comes

PULLING WHAT THERE WAS BACK:

one
photograph
in Maine a
letter. I
never could
call you
father or
pa, in
spite of
what they
said. Ben, who
knows what he
knows and
then it's late
(you with your little
book of
words too) I
wish one of us
hadn't been
so quiet